



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

Huckleberry Hound



MIGHTY "MATCHBOX"

TABLE - TOP ROAD-EO



For free catalogue write: FRED BRONNER CORPORATION, a Division of Lesney Products & Co. Ltd., Dept. 5010, 120 East 23rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Huckleberry Hound

HUMPTY BUMPTY



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 40, January, 1970. Published quarterly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Second printing.

Copyright © 1961, 1960, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

TRADEMARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user. © 1969, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.



10057-001
H HOUND 40-69/1

BUT I CAN TELL YOU **NOW...**
CAMEL RIDIN' SOUNDS LIKE
A HUMPTY-BUMPTY SORTA
WAY TO TRAVEL!

YES, YES, I KNOW!
BUT FIND OUT IF
IT'S **SAFE!**

EVERYTHING
SERVING
SERVICE

WE WORDY
SERVING ALL
FOR ALL
PROTECTION

OKAY! WAIT
AROUND...
I'LL HURRY!

HEH, HEH! I KNEW I COULD
HANDLE **HIM!** NOW IF ONLY
HE BRINGS BACK THE RIGHT
KIND OF NEWS!

SO, TRAVEL EXPERT HUCK JOSS OFF
A JET AT POOLIKAB...

IS THIS THE TRAIN
TO VANJAB?

JEEZ WEEZ
THE WEEZ

AIRPORT

ONLY TRAIN

AND AT VANJAB...

HOW DO I GET
TO ISHKOB?

WALK!

WALK? ER...
HOW FAR?

ONE MILE!

THAT
WAY!

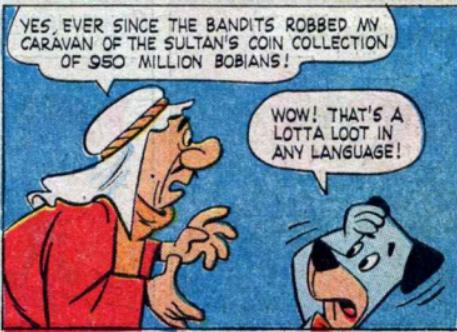
ONLY A MILE?
SHUCKS, I CAN
DO THAT WITH MY
TENNIS SHOES
UNTIED!

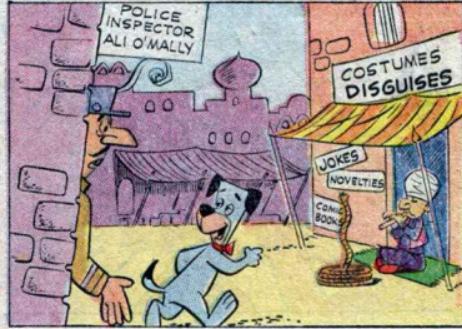
BUT... (GULP!) IT'S A MILE
AS THE ELEVATOR
GOES! UP 'N' DOWN,
THAT IS!

ISHKOB
1 MILE

I GUESS THIS IS WHY I
NEVER HEARD O' THE
ISHKOB TO BEBOB
CAMEL RIDE! IT'S
A WAY-WAY-WAY
OUTA THE WAY!





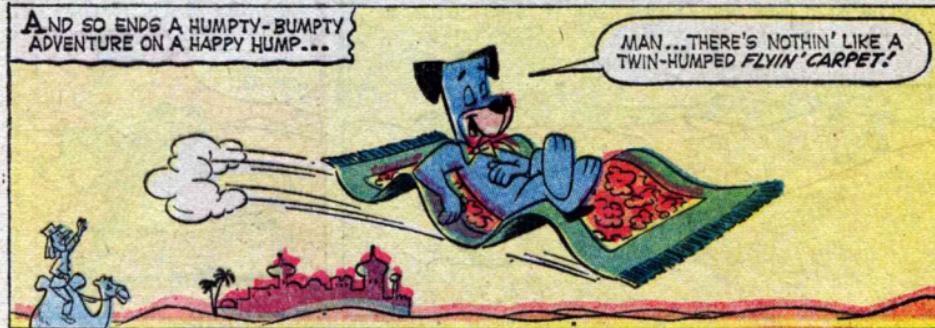










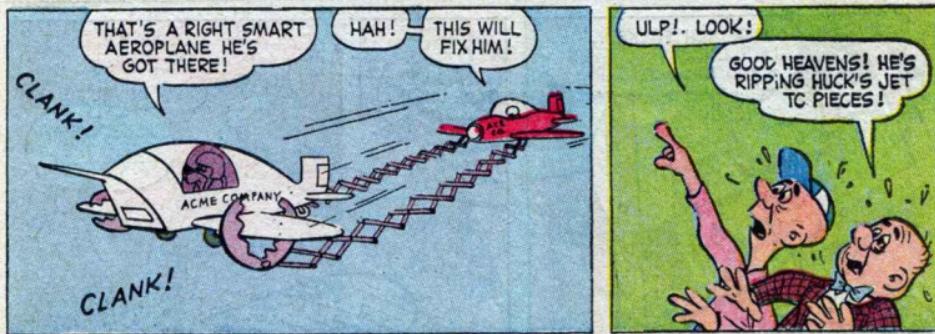


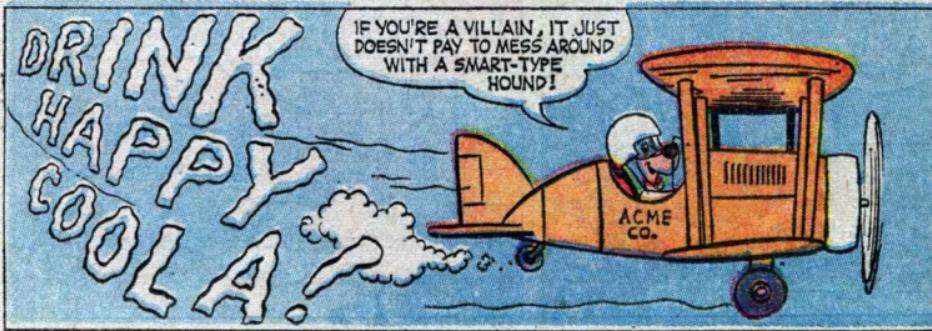
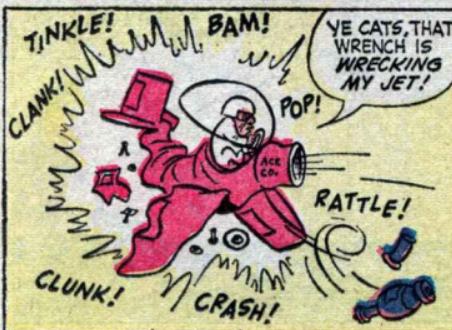
Huckleberry Hound

SKY WRITER FIGHTER









This year, look what you get with your Banana Splits on NBC-TV!



All rights reserved

Be sure to see them all, along with the nutty fun of the Banana Splits Adventure Hour, back for a second fra-a-a-a-a-ntic year!

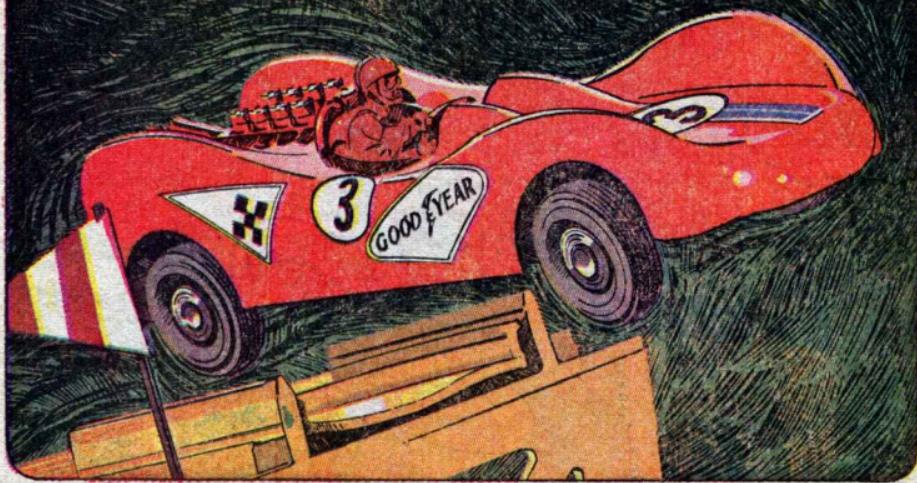


SATURDAY MORNING THE PLACE TO BE IS NBC!



Starting Sept. 6—see your newspaper TV page for channel number

GO SPEEDY WHEELS!

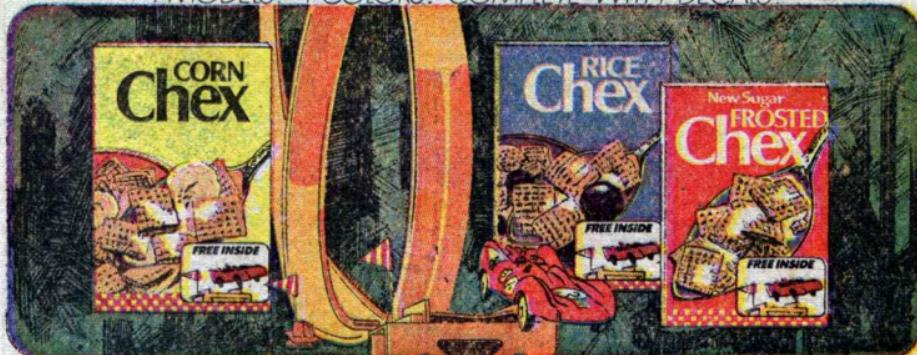


Get a Speedy Wheels Racer

FREE

in special boxes of Chex!

4 MODELS! 4 COLORS! COMPLETE WITH DECALS!



Get a Speedy Wheels Action Track FREE, too.
Details on back of specially marked Chex packages.

PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

the TRICKY TREAT

OH, DROOL-A-POOL! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT JINKS WOULD LEAVE A BIG TREAT LIKE THAT UNGUARDED!

IT'S GOT SUCH AN UN-CHEESY SHAPE, TOO... BUT IT WON'T MATTER TO MY HUNGRY TUMMY, AND I JUST CAN'T STOP ZOOMING AT ALL THAT YUMMY!

HEY! WHAT
WHY...? WHOO!

SOME INVISIBLE
FORCE IS
FLIPPING
US!

OOF! WE'RE ENDING UP WITH
OUR WRONG ENDS UP!

OW!

HEY... I... I CAN'T
PULL AWAY FROM IT!

UGH! THERE'S SOMETHING
FISHY ABOUT THIS CHEESE!

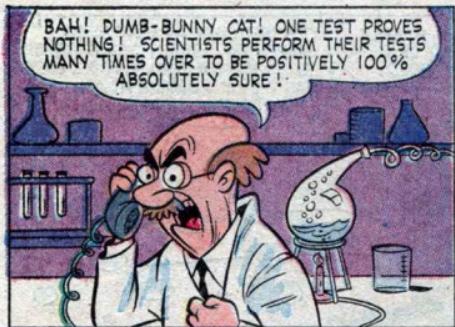
HO-HO! YOU MEECES ARE
COOKED GEESES!

MR. JINKS!
SO THIS IS
YOUR
TRICKY
TREAT!

YEP! YOU HAVE JUST BEEN ATTRACTED
POSITIVELY AND TRAPPED
NEGATIVELY BY A MOST
MODERN INVENTION, THE
MOUSE MAGNET!

(SNIFF!) SEEMS TO BE
REAL CHEESE THAT'S BEEN
SPECIALY TREATED!

HEY, PROFESSOR MONSTER... YOUR INVENTION
IS A SMASH HIT... IT JUST
CAUGHT MY TWO MEECES!



AND
FINALLY...

WELL, THAT'S TEST NUMBER ONE HUNDRED! HEH!

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW,
MOUSES?

LIKE A H-HUNDRED!

KA-BOOM!

ZIP!

GOOD NEWS, PROFESSOR! ONE HUNDRED
SUCCESSFUL MOUSE-MAGNETINGS SHOULD
BE PROOF-POSITIVE!

YES!
THAT'S
JUST
DANDY!

NOW BRING BACK THE CHEESE MAGNET!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY, AND
I'LL NEED TO ANALYZE

AND COPY IT
CAREFULLY!

I'LL BE THERE
BEFORE YOU CAN
SAY PIXIE
AND DIXIE!



HEH! I'LL DONATE YOU TWO MISERABLE MEECES
TO SCIENCE! MAYBE THE PROFESSOR WILL PROMOTE
YOU TO CAREER LAB MICE FOR TESTING OTHER
STUFF, LIKE MEDICINE!

(GROAN!) WE COULD USE
SOME MEDICATION IN
CERTAIN AREAS!

WELL, PIXIE, OLD PAL...
I'D GIVE YOU A FAREWELL
HANDSHAKE IF WE
COULD REACH!

HMM... JINKS
TALKED ABOUT LAB
CAREERS FOR US
...HMM...



SAY, HOW ABOUT YOUR FUTURE
CAREER, JINKS?

HUH? WHAT'CHA
MEAN, MOUSE?

I MEAN THAT THIS MOUSE MAGNET INVENTION WILL END
YOUR CAREER! WHO WILL WANT A FUZZY OLD FELINE AROUND

WHEN THIS
INVENTION HITS
THE MARKET?

THAT'S A
HORROR
THOUGHT!



I'VE TESTED MYSELF RIGHT OUT OF A JOB...A WAY OF LIFE!

WELL, THERE'S STILL HOPE... THE PROFESSOR CAN'T CONTINUE WITHOUT THIS MAGNET, SO...

I... I'LL GET RID OF IT!



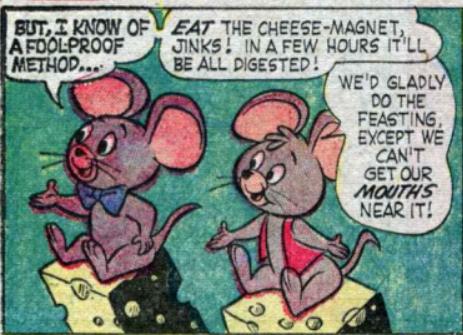
BUT, I KNOW OF A FOOLPROOF METHOD...

EAT THE CHEESE-MAGNET, JINKS! IN A FEW HOURS IT'LL BE ALL DIGESTED!

WE'D GLADLY DO THE FEASTING, EXCEPT WE CAN'T GET OUR MOUTHS NEAR IT!

SO... UGH! I HATE CHEESE, BUT (CHOMP!) THE URGE FOR SURVIVAL IS STRONGER! (GULP!)

GOOD GUY, JINKS!



NOW WE CAN RETURN TO OUR NORMAL WAY OF LIFE!

YEAH! JUST PLAIN OLD CHASING!

UH-UH-UH! YOU'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO US, CHEESY!



YOU SHOULD WAIT AT LEAST AN HOUR AFTER EATING BEFORE PLUNGING INTO ACTION!

YEAH! YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET TUMMY-CRAMPS!



A DUCK IN LUCK



"Hey, Foxy, whatever are you doing inside that funny-looking cage?" Biddy Buddy quacked good-naturedly.

Foxy Fox looked embarrassed and stammered, "W-Well, I was just . . . uh . . . trying to invent something, and . . . uh . . . I got myself locked inside here."

Foxy thought to himself, "I can't tell Biddy Buddy the truth — that I'm just dying for a duck dinner, and that what I was inventing was really a trap to catch him."

"Biddy," Foxy pleaded, "please unlatch the cage door so I can get out."

"Be glad to," Biddy agreed. And upon doing so, he waddled off toward the meadow, down where the big trees with the hanging vines grow, down where the June bugs play baseball.

"Why is it," Foxy growled to himself, "that I can never catch that duck? Why can't I have a delicious duck dinner? I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't!"

Foxy flung himself down in a poutish fit and beat the ground with his fists.

Finally he sat up. "I can't go on like this, and besides, my fists hurt! I'm a fox and supposed to be smart. There must be some way to catch that duck!"

"I've tried cages and traps and snares and tricks and treats and ideas, old and new," he moaned. "I've even thought of schemes in my dreams, but nothing ever works."

Foxy kicked at some ants who were drilling beside their anthill. "Guess I'll follow Biddy Buddy down to the meadow. Maybe I can think of a really clever scheme."

Crawling stealthily through a thicket, Foxy glanced down at the meadow. There was

'Biddy Buddy, not only watching the June bugs play baseball, but acting as umpire and settling minor disputes that arose from time to time.

"I must have that duck," Foxy drooled. "If only I could swoop down silently from the sky like a bird." He paused. "That's it . . . like a bird!"

Quickly he loosened a vine that grew from one of the big trees nearby. "I'll swing down and grab off that duck. Since he's facing the other way, he'll never see me coming. Here goes!"

Down swung Foxy toward the unsuspecting Biddy. As he picked up speed Foxy called out, "Here I come you delicious duck, duck, DUCK!"

Just then Biddy Buddy said, "Did someone say 'duck'?" And so he did duck — just as Foxy passed harmlessly overhead, clawing wildly at the air. The momentum of the swing threw Foxy head-over-heels, and he crashed to earth with a dull, smashing thud.

Wearily Foxy got up. He shook his head till it stopped buzzing. Then as he slowly trudged away, Foxy Fox muttered to himself, "There must be an easier way to get a duck dinner. I guess I'll just go over to Joe's Diner down by the railroad tracks and buy one."

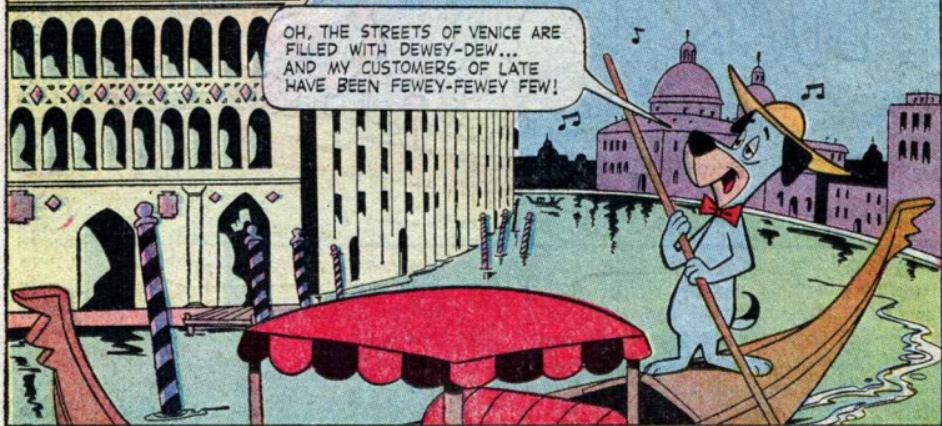
Meanwhile, Biddy was looking around. "Goodness me," he quacked, "I wonder what that strange thing was that zipped past my head just now? Oh, well," he shrugged, "it really doesn't matter."

"Come on, June bugs," Biddy Buddy called out happily, "now let's finish up the rest of that baseball game!"

Huckleberry Hound

The REAL GONE GONDOLIER

OH, THE STREETS OF VENICE ARE
ILLED WITH DEWEY-DEW...
ND MY CUSTOMERS OF LATE
AVE BEEN FEWEY-FEWY FEW!



I MADE THAT
ORIGINAL TUNE
UP MYSELF!

YEP! I KNOW IT'S BAD, BUT
ALL US GONDOLIERS ARE
SUPPOSED TO SING!

AHOY, GONDOLA!

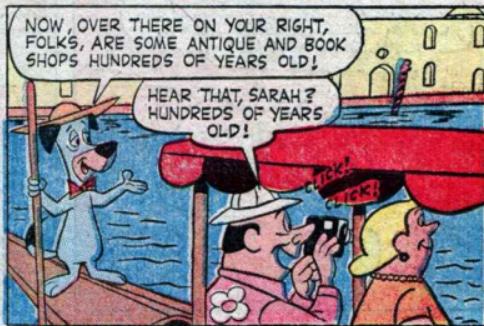
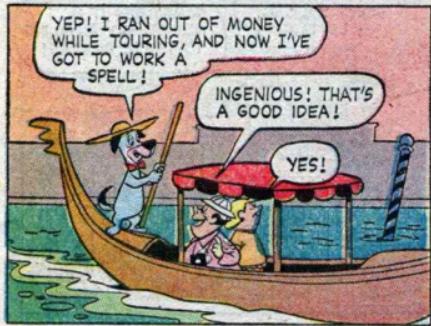


OH, BOY ...CUSTOMERS!

(CHUCKLE!) TOURIST-TYPE
CUSTOMERS!

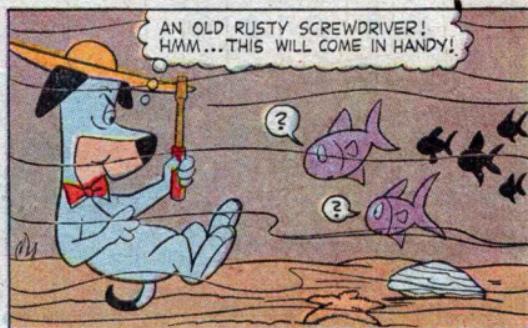
WE WOULD LIKE A TOUR
THROUGH THE STREETS
OF VENICE!















THE END

Now race your Hot Wheels® on the **SUPER-CHARGER™ RACE SET**

Start your Super-Charger engines. And the race is on.

Real speedway competition as the new Super-Charger powers your Hot Wheels cars around and around the Super-Charger Race Set. Test your cars! Pit your fastest Hot Wheels against your friend's. Test your skill! You control the speed with exclusive power Stick Shift. Too much Power—you spin out on the curve and lose the race.

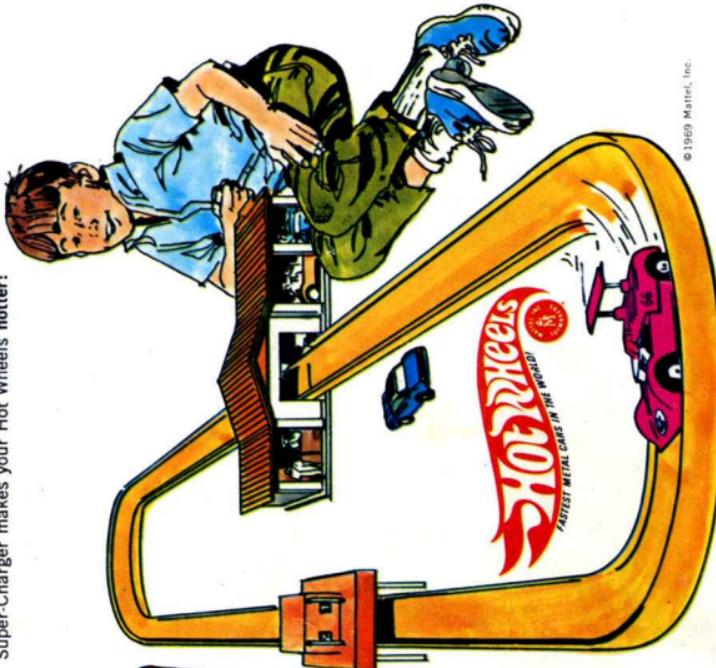
Too little Power—and competition laps you.

Real Grand Prix excitement as your Hot Wheels cars speed through the lap counter, lap after lap. See this Super-Charger Race Set and other Super-Charger Speedway Action Sets at your authorized Hot Wheels dealer. Super-Charger makes your Hot Wheels hotter!



Super-Charger Race Set includes:

TWO Super-Charger units • TWO Lap Counters
TWO New Hot Wheels Cars
FOUR "Speedway" Design Hot Curves
24 of genuine Hot Wheels Track



© 1969 Mattel, Inc.

"HOT WHEELS" is the registered trademark of Mattel, Inc., for its TOY CARS.

"SUPER-CHARGER" is the trademark of Mattel, Inc., for its TOY CAR DRIVE UNIT.